

Worked for \$5 a Day

JEWELS OF AN EMPRESS
A GIFT FOR HIS WIFE

Dodge's Career a Typical Romance of American "Mushroom Millions"

Fortune's Wheel That Turned a Dynasty Out of Russia Brought the Mechanic to the Top, Where Catherine's Pearls Were a Mere Incident of His Bounty

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THE world goes round, the years roll on and on and the wheel of human fortune turns on its wearless axle—and dreams come true and with them the strangest things that ever turned fiction into fact. And now, with a turn, the pearls of a Russian Empress, the imperious Catherine, are in the jewel casket of the daughter of an American millionaire.

But when that royal strand of pearls hung about Catherine's neck



In the blaze of palace candle light she was high upon the felloe of the wheel, and the forebear of the American was somewhere down below.

In time those pearls passed from the great Catherine to the ill-fated Romanoffs, and in turn they passed to the bodies of Empresses. And when that was happening the Americans who later paid nearly a million dollars for them were working as a mechanic at \$5 a day, and considered it a welcome wage.

The story of these pearls, bought by Horace E. Dodge, the multi-millionaire automobile manufacturer, begins in the perils of the Oriental pearl divers, the Japanese, Malay and Japanese fishers who sought out the precious shells which contained them for more than a century ago. What were their vicissitudes until they came into the keeping of the Empress Catherine can only be conjectured, but there is sure to have been not a little avarice and jealousy, cupidity and blood to mark their way.

That they should have fallen into greedy hands with the murder of the late Czar and his family was only to be expected; that they should eventually have been offered for sale was only natural, and perhaps none the less natural that they should have come into the possession of an American, because it would seem that, little by little, the treasures of the world are finding their way to this country. The Bolsheviks sent the pearls to France after they were looted from the Romanoffs, and there they were sold for funds with which to prosecute their fighting. It has been suggested that much of the money thus realized may have been used against the Poles, once more struggling to their feet after a sorry serving by the Empress Catherine.

At any rate, it was Dodge, the American millionaire, who bought them for \$525,000—far more than Catherine ever paid for them, if she paid at all. He bought them for his wife in May, 1920. In the following December he died.

Only twice did Mrs. Dodge wear the pearls, the first time when her daughter, Delphine, became the wife of James H. R. Cromwell of Philadelphia, in June, 1920. The second time was when her son, Horace E. Dodge Jr., married Lola Knowlton a year later. Three months ago the senior Mrs. Dodge gave the pearls to her daughter Delphine (Mrs. Cromwell), who has them now.

In all the stories of the rise of American men to riches and authority, there are few that are so Aladdin-like as that of Horace Dodge and his brother John. They came up from the machinists' bench to the ownership of an automobile manufactory that ranks among the first six in production.

Horace Dodge, for this is mainly about him, was born and reared in Miles, Mich., and there received his education. When he left school he went to work in his father's blacksmith and machine shop to learn the trade. This went on till he was in his early twenties and then he and his brother determined to go into business for themselves. Their first venture was in Windsor, Ont., where, in an old shed, they rebuilt machinery, especially marine engines.

At that time Detroit was beginning to be heard of in an industrial way, as the automobile industry was awakening in the country. Horace Dodge and John saw far into the future in those days, and entered the motor car field, establishing themselves in 1901 in a loft shop in the city.

But brothers were skilled me-

chanics and their first important orders were for parts for the original Oldsmobile. In 1912 they abandoned the business of making parts and decided to put the Dodge car on the market. And that was the beginning of the fortune which later permitted the American mechanic to buy the pearls of a Russian Empress. During their first year of manufacture they sold more than \$35,000,000 worth of motor cars.

In 1916 it was reported that Horace Dodge had an income of \$1,000,000 a month. And in that year he accepted the office of Under Sheriff in Detroit at a salary of \$1,000 a year. What he did with that salary was interesting. He used it to charter a Pullman coach, with dining room and a needed accessories, to convey his breakers to Marquette (Michigan).

Horace Dodge was one of the eight directors of the Ford Motor Company and in June, 1915, they authorized the distribution of a stock dividend which yielded him for his \$100,000 holdings the sum of \$2,400,000.

Jack the impudent, invincible—flared before her mind. What a great time Jack would have when he heard that both her suitors were out of town! How he would gloat and say, "Well, you see how things are, Peggy Dayton. They have all gone but me. Didn't I tell you I would win?" Should she forbid Jack Reed to call or should she let him prattle on in his own conceited way? Her mother liked Jack. Sometimes when her mother mentioned his name Peggy noticed a peculiar little smile about her lips and she wondered if her mother did not consider Jack more eligible and more interesting than Harrison Townley.

Peggy looked out of the window a few moments for inspiration and then shook her head. No, she would be pretty glad to have Jack Reed to trot about with during the rest of Townley's stay in Europe and the whole year of Billy's absence. Then, too, in case she did not wish to give Townley a definite answer when he returned, Jack Reed would be of one of the "young crowd" he advised her to go about with.

If there was no Jack Reed, Townley would consider that she loved him and intended to marry him that very coming June. Besides, as she thought about Jack she knew she really liked him. His perfectly ridiculous remarks, his pretended conceit, which really served as a splendid propaganda in getting over many of his ideas, amused her.

For just a glimmering moment Peggy became ambitious. Now that the two foremost men in her life were out of town it dawned upon her that she might go in for a business career seriously. She was a fairly good typist and her three different positions had added much to her experience. Should she take a special course in evenings and try to work up her speed so that she might demand more money?

No, she would let fate and the vines charmings of her life work out her life problems. She wanted to marry, she was going to some day, meanwhile she would dance and skate and be happy.

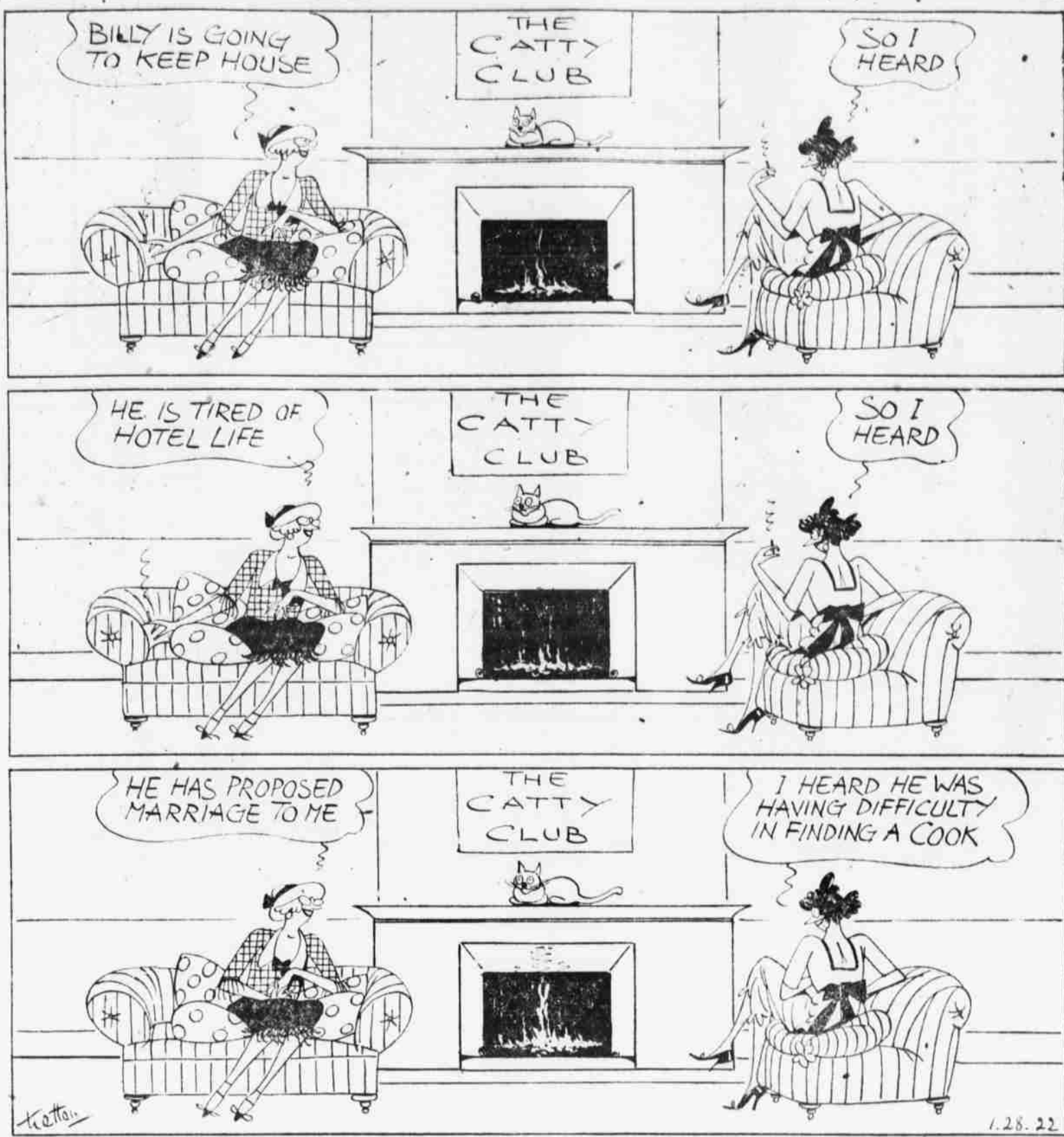
Monday Jack Reed glories in the Good News.

DAILY MAGAZINE

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



The Heart of a Girl

By Caroline Crawford

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Which Man Will Peggy Choose for a Husband? The story of a typical New York girl, Peggy Dayton, eighteen, who has just entered business as a stenographer. Her heart is divided between two boys, Billy Bracton, her own age, and Harrison Townley, a well-to-do bachelor, ten years her senior. The fifth episode in a new series in Peggy's affairs.

A CLEAR FIELD.

PEGGY still had five days to remain away from the office. Her sprained ankle was getting along splendidly, but as she sat propped up in a big chair in the living room her thoughts ran along many channels.

It seemed as if fate were guiding her and helping her to decide which man she should marry. Townley had gone to Europe of his own volition. He had announced that she needed two months and, strange to say, during his absence his devoted lackey had worked charms. At times she wondered if he really did love him.

Now fate had robbed her of Billy Bracton. Billy was to be transferred in business for a whole year to Philadelphia. When Billy told her of his plans she felt as if the first real tragedy of her life had occurred.

"I'll write every day," was Billy's parting message. Townley's letters had been revelations to her. She had learned to understand the man and appreciate his gentle nature through the heart-to-heart epistles. Would Billy's letters also reveal another side to his nature?

Although Peggy considered Billy's going to Philadelphia a great loss in life—that is, for a whole year—things did not look quite as dark to her as she thought them over the next day as they did the night he announced his new plans. Naturally she wondered if he would meet new girl friends. But Peggy had great confidence in her own charms.

"There will never be a second Peggy Dayton," she consoled herself. "If we write every day, or even twice a week, and he rushes down for week-end occasionally, this temporary separation will merely make him care more for me. I know Billy Bracton well enough for that."

Then the thought of Jack Reed—

The Frozen Hope

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A WEARY soul wended her way into the open path of a great city park—Money, friends, hope all gone. And the grayness of the twilight joined with the gray hue and the leaden heart of her.

A long struggle with sordid things and sorrowful When all sympathy seemed to have flown from the world at large. And the cry of why and wherefore and to what end Echoed in her tired brain. It had rained the night before, And then cold—a symbol of herself, her life. She heeded not the passerby, But soon found herself alone—in a secluded spot. And out of the seeming stillness A wet sparrow from a awaying branch Of a tree all hung with icicles That weighed it down.

Chirped a feeble note. And somehow the vision faded and in its stead Came that self-same tree, laden with beautiful blossoms. And that self-same bird singing a merrier song. "How can it be!" the woman cried. "That this frozen thing will soon, very soon. Change and smile in the golden sunshine. And the truth came, as naked as the tree. The same Maker that makes this miracle Can change cold and ice Into pulsating love and life. Can turn a frozen hope into a blooming reality. And within the heart of that tree is everything that is peace. That will soon come, even as the night follows the day. And in that woman life same joy rests. It needs but patience to bear. The winter of discontent. For spring in the heart of a tree is as hope in every human. Who seeks it.

For the Housewife's Scrapbook

Fold sheets and napkins with the hemmed edges together, being careful that these are perfectly straight, then hang them on the line along the selvage edge. They will protect them from the wind, avoid wrinkles and they will not only be easy to take down but they can be easily folded and more quickly ironed.

Black lace that looks hopelessly rusty can be renovated to look like new. Soak it for a while in a solution of vinegar and water, using two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to two cups cold water. Rinse in cold coffee and iron, while damp, between flannel.

Cereals and dry fruits must be kept in a cool, dry place. Examine cereals and pancake flours when opening carton, and if there are any weevils return the package to the grocer. These articles of food really keep best in glass jars, and should be kept in cool, dry places.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"WE might as well go ashore, we'll get no ducks to-day!" said Mr. Jarr. "I don't mind it," said Mr. Stryver. "I don't want to go back through his chattering teeth. You've shot the decoys and scared off the ducks."

Mr. Stryver, that ardent duck hunter, murmured something to the effect that it had been an accident. "The boy won't come out for us till 8 o'clock," said the guide. "We got to wait till then. But you mustn't move, for there may be some ducks. Coats or Broadbills, still in the marsh."

"We should have brought a phonograph with some jazz records!" moaned Mr. Jarr. "We are all shivering." "I'll be all right when your wet clothes freeze on you," said the guide. "You're shivering. I look after that boy. Now the bunch at the shack, who are going away to-day, will drink it all!"

An hour later, when Mr. Jarr and the luckless Stryver were sure they were freezing to death, the guide lay back in the sink and waved his somber legs in the air.

"If the ducks see that it may decoy them from the marsh," he explained. "They'll think my feet are ducks flying."

"They'll think they are airplanes," chuckled Mr. Jarr. "Oh, death, where is that string?" "You mustn't speak, you mustn't move!" cautioned the guide in a whisper, and he waved his legs again to start his circulation.

"They sat freezing and shivering till nearly 8 o'clock, when the boy moved out from the shore for duck and suddenly declared he had been too busy seeing the hunters that were at the shack get away to have been able to come down to the shore to get their signals."

When they reached the shack, Mr. Jarr and the guide found the guide's suitcase had been carried off by Mr. Stryver's anti-freezing compound before departing. Mr. Jarr suggested they send for Mr. Stryver's car and go home and secure Christian burial after death by freezing and starvation. But it was explained that the shack in the marsh was ten miles from a telephone.

The guide cooked a hearty but very greasy meal, and by sunset Mr. Jarr and Mr. Stryver were thawed out. The boy had been bidden to carry a

Palm Beach

Guaranteed to Do Any One Good—
Roll Your Own Meaning

A Nice Place to Spend the Winter if You're a Billionaire or a Bellhop

By Neal R. O'Hara

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WITH the thermometer hitting 102, room and bath touching \$40 a day and roulette discs making 20,000,000 revolutions per minute, sensation at Palm Beach may be said to have practically reached its height. Hotels are so choked with tired business men, bellhops are sleeping in their own private yachts. Spare cots are set up on bowling alleys. Late arrivals sleep between strikes.

Rates are on European plan. You pay for what you get—and oh, how you pay! Glass of water, 50 cents. Nod from head waiter, \$2.50. Attar of soup, \$6 a drop. Spaghetti, \$20 a mile. Steak, \$8 a gram. Coffee, large cup, \$2. Demi-tasse, \$6. Coffee substitute, \$9. Without coffee, \$12.

Palm Beach is mid-winter Coney Island for bankers, brokers, bootleggers and other guys that make fortunes from 6 per cent. No place for a bird that loves money. Barber shop price list at P. B. looks like latest quotations by Ford. Shave is major operation, with clinic and consultation fee. Hair tonic is \$5 a shot, same as at the bar. Seltzer extra. After barber shop comes breakfast, at same prevailing rates. And after breakfast comes bankruptcy for all but the billionaires.

Reggie Van Sloop, New York cotton Marathoner, arrived at Palm Beach yesterday with valet, vermouth and forty-eight square yards of white flannel pants. Reggie is smart set's featured pet. He is here to rest up for annual April Fools' Party next April 1. Reg amazed the local uppercrust by devising custom of wearing spats to bed. Fad has caught on with all the elite, and Reggie swanks 'round as Big League hero. What this chap will do next in way of dashing innovations already has populace on edge.

Another late arrival is Miss Lulu Spliff, with full deck of governesses, handmaids, secretaries and perfume testers. Miss Spliff is a high-karat society sprout and popular with the sport shoe Alects. Yesterday, at the swimming hour, her cloth-of-gold water wings stopped traffic for three-quarters of an hour. Miss Spliff appeared in a natty one-piece posing suit, hemmed in by camera men and news weekly sharpshooters. She is out to better her record of last year, when she was rescued from drowning twice a day, including Sundays and holidays. The Splitz-Mulligans of New York, Philadelphia and Reading have taken possession of the platinum suite at the Hotel Bacchus for the season. Mr. Spitz-Mulligan, after five months abroad at Baden-Worse, brought along the most expensive line-up of rheumatism hotel doctors ever gleamed upon. He will take the faro treatment to help out the joints.

Mrs. Spitz-Mulligan, as chic as ever in a two-ton suit, will have her second chin excavated while resting here. The most exclusive granite-cutters from Barre, Vt., are rushing here now with their tools. This comely matron is setting dizzy pace for smart set with her capricious novelties. Her latest coup, which practically stamps her as the coming social Carina, is learning lariat throwing with a rope of pearls. Yesterday, in a fit of ennui, she lassoed a porter no times out of twenty-five, which is a great improvement over her former record.

Mrs. Spitz-Mulligan's health is somewhat handicapped by the loss of her gold toothpick this week. A substantial reward has been offered and a cordon of picked detectives has been thrown around the most exclusive garbage cans in Palm Beach.

Why Not Look Your Best?

By Doris Doscher

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THE GRACEFUL CARRIAGE.

HAVE you ever noticed what a disappointing thing it is when you have been admiring some one for their beauty while they

were seated only to have the lovely impression completely marred when they stand up and start to walk? How often by the ungraceful carrying of the body detracts from their beautiful appearance. It does not make any difference how tall, fully or expensively dressed you may be, no body will look really well unless the body is carried with that grace, litheness that denotes perfect form and money of movement.

To see a well groomed woman with a body that is carried in perfect poise and with a walk that shows that she has every muscle under control, is like hearing a beautiful piece of music where not one discordant note mars the harmony. Yet I have found that many times people have failed on their personal appearance, taking the best of care of their face, hair and hands and having a beautiful wardrobe at their disposal, yet never once looking their best simply because they have never learned this art of graceful handling the body. It is noticeable enough when the person is seated, but it is absolutely ungraceful when the body is in action such as walking or dancing.

You may not have been born with perfect features, or perhaps nature has not been lavish in the matter of hair and the things that come to mind when we think of a beautiful woman, but here is something that you can acquire by practicing. This graceful carriage of the body is something which gives a litheness to youth but a wonderful dignity and poise in later life.

When one is burdened with arduous tasks the drooping shoulders are simply an indication of over-fatigue, but in every walk of life you will find people who carry their body in such an indolent, ungraceful and slothful way that they give an impression when you first see them of a carelessness that is perhaps entirely foreign to their nature.

How you carry yourself is one of the indications of your personality. It is an interesting study to watch people as they pass by and to see how they carry their body. Some are so dependent upon the way in which you carry yourself you see that it really is something which you must learn to control if you would feel and look your best.

To-Day's Anniversary

OLDEST AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE first of the influential publications of its class in America, the North American Review, was founded a little more than a century ago by William Tudor, who was born in Boston 144 years ago to-day, Jan. 28, 1778. He was educated at Harvard and then entered commercial life. In 1805, with his brother, Frederic, he visited the West Indies and returned were the first to introduce the new trade in tropical countries. In 1815 he founded the North American Review, the oldest of the American reviews, and was its editor for several years. Later he entered the diplomatic field, representing the United States as Charge d'Affaires at Rio de Janeiro and Consul at Lima, Peru. He died in the Brazilian capital in 1850. In addition to his contributions to the Review, he was the author of several volumes and he was also the first to suggest the building of the Funker Hill Monument.